

THE COURIER

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OBSERVATIONS

The university has grown so in the last five years; has become so many sided and complicated that it needs a man at its head who is something more than a scholar. It needs a man of the world, a man of business, and above all it needs a gentleman. There is nothing that the youth of a new and comparatively crude civilization needs so much as a constant example of that one thing which is the highest outcome of modern life, a scholarly gentleman, a man who holds honor above policy, honesty above cleverness, and sincerity above success. I believe that the university has found such a man.

Chancellor McLean has begun the work waiting for him with all his predecessor's energy and industry. If there be anything in signs, a great leader has been anointed. He leads a host that is frequently unsatisfied—made up of groups ignorant of and suspecting each other; people of the state, the people of Lincoln, the students, the professors. This man has come among us clear-eyed, knowing nothing of our little jealousies and desiring only to do his best for the university. If all the groups will help him, the university will be the glory of the state. Out of it men will continue to come who shall make the name of Nebraska a synonym for culture.

Chancellor MacLean has straight, strong features, a clear gray eye and thick grayish hair. His figure is well set up. He is a man for Nebraska to be proud of when he shall stand up to speak for the University of Nebraska.

This week Omaha has indulged in a real spree. It is seldom that the self-styled metropolis has seen so much high life. For some two or three years Omaha has been in a comatose state and all the efforts of Mr. Rosewater and Mr. Hitchcock to bring about an awakening seemed to have little or no

effect. The town was fast drifting into the fast harbor of eternal rest. The railroads were beginning to send their trains around the town, or through it without stopping. All of the public spirit that was awake couldn't even keep props under the baseball club. Grass was growing in the side streets and peace and quiet reigned. Omaha was making toward catalepsy, when somebody in the town bethought him of Lincoln and the state fair. To the desperate Omahan there was a sudden attractiveness in piles of golden pumpkins and rows of sugar beets and stacks of yellow corn, and as a last resort the

sel and gilded vehicles from New Orleans, cowboys from Wyoming, farm truck from everywhere, pretty girls from Lincoln and other towns of the state; and turning democracy upside down, organized a secret order of Ak-Sar-Ben, and sought to give quality to an exhibition usually marked by quantity.

And it has all been a rare treat to the people of Omaha. They have gazed at the pumpkins and beets and corn, and imagined they were farmers. They have caught the fresh breezes of the

I hope, however, that the touch of high life which the peaceful community on the near bank of the Missouri has experienced will not, as a touch of high life sometimes does, turn the heads of the people, and make them despise the common everyday things and long for permanent glitter and show, for more pumpkins and beets and corn, more cowboys and more pretty girls. These things are all very well, but Omaha must not get excited and forsake the homely substantial things. It will not do for Omaha to neglect its great industry of killing and packing and selling hogs and cattle, for other and brighter things that bring no money profit. And after all there would be no Omaha were it not for the packing and other sordid enterprises that from its infancy have distinguished Omaha. No, let not Omaha get giddy and gay. Cleave unto the quartered beef and salted hog, and spree but once a year. A week's wildness and frivolity is all right, but there should only be one such in the whole year.

The Omaha papers say that one of the conspicuous sights of the street parades intended to enliven the nights of those obliged to remain in Omaha during the state fair, was the Buffalo Bill brass band, of North Platte, with their gorgeous uniforms, costing one thousand dollars, which were presented them by Hon. W.F.Cody.

There is a little story connected with this that is not uninteresting; everybody knows that North Platte idolizes Cody. His return home from his season's absence is always celebrated by a public demonstration of some sort. Last year the band was at the depot, and Cody was escorted to the opera house and given a banquet. One of the things acquired by Cody during his life on the frontier, which he has not lost by association with the Prince of Wales, James Gordon Bennett, and "others" is a love of all kinds of drinkables, from beer to vermouth. A banquet at North Platte includes several courses of "forty rod" and by the time Bill had given "another evidence of our sociability" to all his home friends, he was so situated as not to care whether the band played Annie Laurie, or not. Then the job was worked. It was suggested that the band was a fine one. It only needed new instruments, and uniforms, music, etc. Cody told them to order a whole new outfit and send the bill to him. The order was telegraphed and in a few days the goods arrived by express C. O. D. The band fondly believed it was only necessary to add a y to the C. O. D. and everything would be all right. But Bill professed entire ignorance of the whole matter and declined to become the victim of any such gouge game. It looked as though the scheme had failed, until one bright band boy thought of the saying *similia similibus curantur*. Like conditions produce like results. They tried it. Cody was caught down town, rushed into an adjacent dispensary and filled up on cowboy compound. Cody was reminded of his promises, remembered it perfectly, drew his check for the required amount, and "the band played on."

Somebody signing himself "Indignant Citizen" sends a communication to The Courier, which he dares me to publish. It is about the action of the city council in making a new contract with the electric light company. It is inflammatory. The writer in a postscript, not intended for publication, says I have sought to hoodwink the people of Lincoln into a belief that The Courier is



ETHEL and ALICE DOVEY

Omahans came down to Lincoln and purloined the fair.

And then, behold! Drums were sounded, and the general alarm called the people back to consciousness. Straightway the people set about preparing for the fair. They came out of their long sleep, and picking the sand out of their eyes, began to hustle. They suddenly discovered that the fair was about the biggest thing in all creation, and decided to work up a boom on the strength of the pumpkins and the sugar beets and the corn. They brought tin-

plains from the western cowboys. They have set up counterfeit kings and queens and princesses, and raised aloft much purple, sported fine raiment, and for a short time the people of the great packing house center have fondly imagined they were in the midst of real pomp and a high life that was genuine. It has been a boon to Omaha and Lincoln and the rest of the state really congratulate Omaha on its week of wild dissipation. Seeing the world is often not half bad, and the great lark of the state fair may do Omaha lasting good. And surely we all want to see Omaha good.